

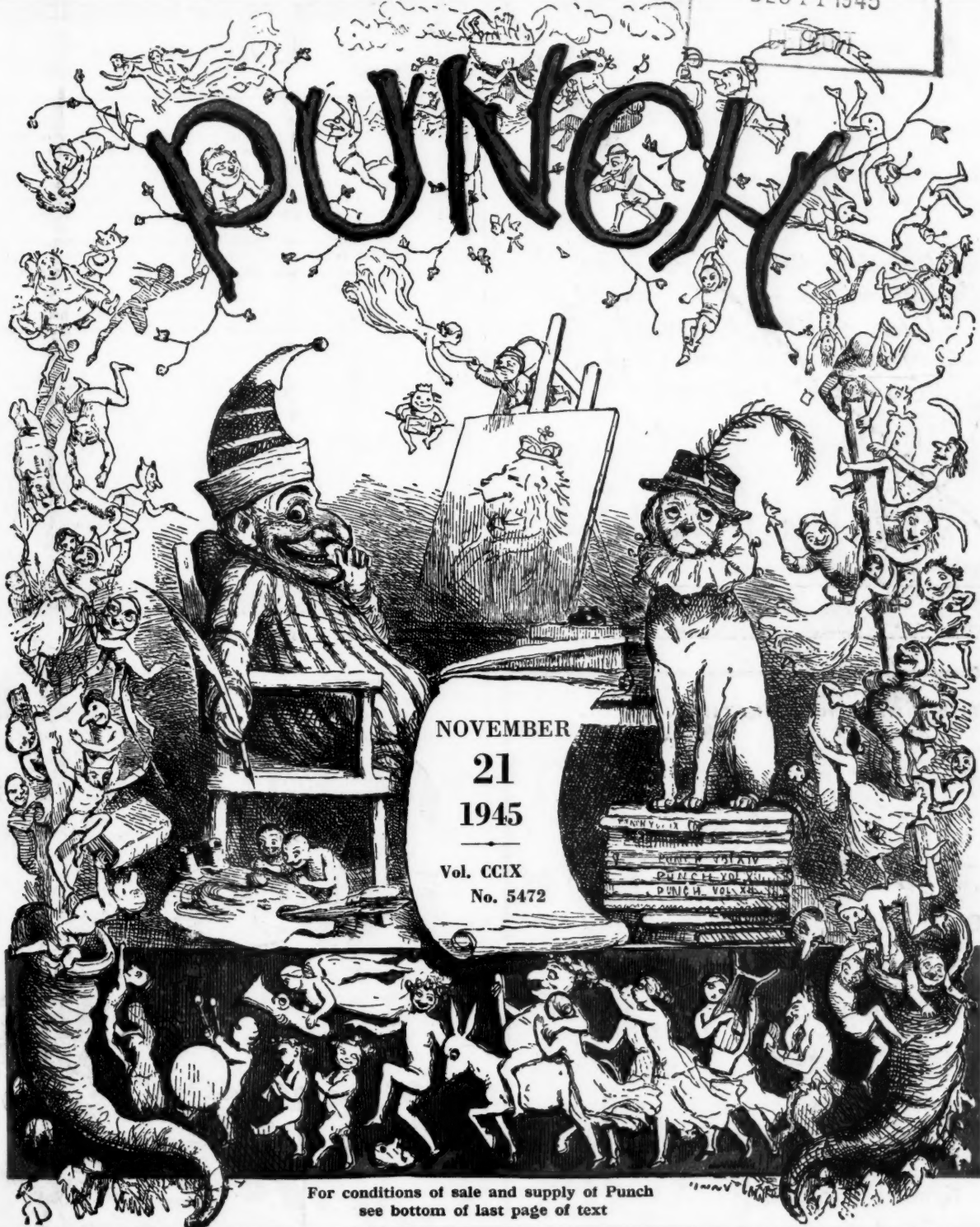
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Vol. CCIX

No. 5472

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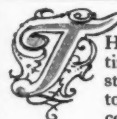
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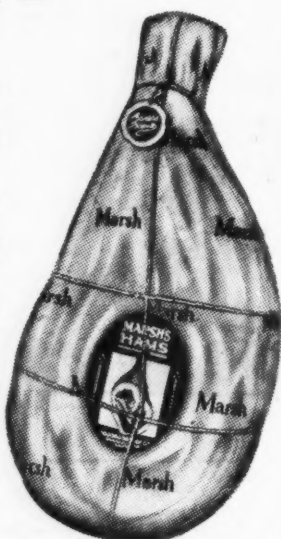


P.648A

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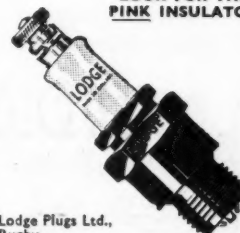
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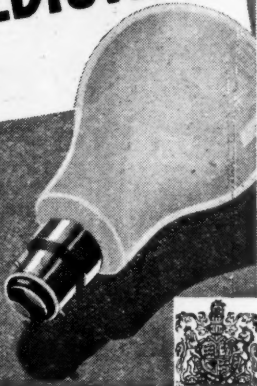
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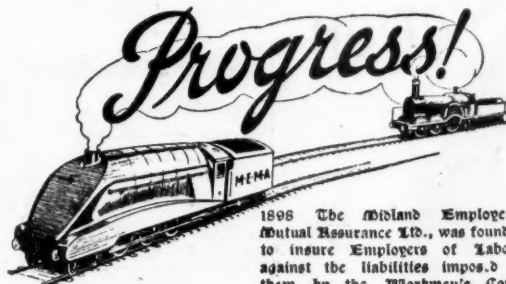
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Viola seemed sad. She thought herself a wallflower, but could she have foreseen the future—how much happier she'd have been! Her marriage to the curate, for instance—who was already hurrying from the buffet to console her with some of those delightful Romary Biscuits! To-day, unlike Viola, we can foresee future happiness—prospects of more abundant supplies of Romary's Tunbridge Wells Water Biscuits—Wheaten Biscuits—Cocktail Biscuits—Ginger Nuts—and Honey Bake.

# ROMARY

'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits

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Now let us relax in slippared ease . . . the wars behind us, the future pleasantly vague. And to cap the quiet hours, an ANGLEPOISE directing its gentle glow exactly where we need it, at a finger touch, on printed page or the evening's pastime. So speed the day . . .

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# PUNCH

or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5472

November 21 1945

## Charivaria

As a result of the unofficial "No Standing" order on buses the London public have again achieved the seemingly impossible; more of them are travelling by tube.

In America there is a new type of ink which dries immediately. We have known this kind for years; it won't come out of fountain pens.

A farm magazine asks us where we would begin to improve the efficiency of agriculture. Many of us would work back from the peeling end.

A radio comedian was recently found bound and gagged in a telephone kiosk in New York. It was of course somebody else's gag.



### For the Guest Room

"Full-size Feather Bed for sale, little used; several Corrugated Iron Sheets, various sizes." Advt. in "Bury Free Press."

A writer mentions that a drink something like beer was known to the ancient Egyptians. It's a pity they didn't pass the knowledge on.

A scientist is trying to split the soya bean.

"I saw all kinds of uniforms at the Royal Command Performance," says a gossip writer, "but one baffled me—khaki shorts and shirt, broad-brimmed hat, lanyard and binoculars." Probably an Ensa talent scout.



Among all our other worries comes the sobering thought that these are the pre-war days we shall be hankering after, after the next war.

The Moscow Dynamo players were not perturbed when the crowd was forced on to the pitch in their recent game against Chelsea. A few thousand more Displaced Persons didn't worry them.

A playwright tells us that a most extraordinary thing happened when he attended a recent first night. A cougher behind him was seized by a bout of listening.

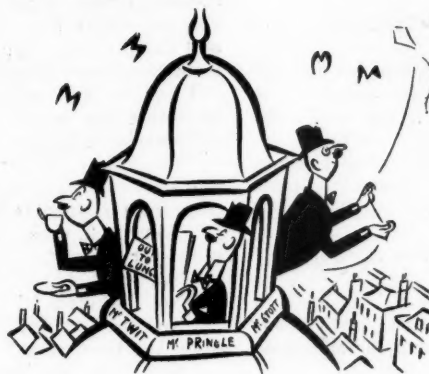
A dramatic critic complains that he has to travel a long way from the West End to find new plays. Well? Thousands of suburbanites have to travel just as far to get away from them.

### Still Going Roun' and Roun'

"The report notes with approval that there is already a considerable measure of staggering in Glasgow." "News Chronicle."

An M.P. says his only hope of a home is a mansion in the skies. He counts on paying for it with his post-war credits.

We are reminded that prefabricated dwellings are to come down in ten years. Hence the rush to get them up in time.



### Flying Carpet Outmoded

"Lord Wavell created a sensation when, instead of entering Calcutta on a red carpet, he flew in an aeroplane and a bowler hat to relieve the Bengal famine."—"News Chronicle."

Bats are reported to be invading private houses and shops in the Midlands. The Ministry of Information is being urged to derequisition more belfries.



## Home Hints

### The Hot Water System

PROMETHEUS, who (they say) from heaven  
 descending  
 Took fire to mortals in a hollow reed  
 And suffered for that simple piece of lending  
 The hardest punishment that hate decreed,  
 Cold on the mountain height that made you shiver,  
 And chilblains hurting like the very deuce  
 And chronic disarrangement of the liver  
 Caused by the pecking of the Bird of Zeus!  
 Child of the Titans! Prime originator  
 Of forge and foundry and combustive power,  
 Without whose help the modern aviator  
 Could scarcely beat 600 m.p.h.  
 Uncle of Engines! Splitter of the Atom!  
 Speeder of Mr. Attlee o'er the foam!  
 Chained to the Caucasus, this side of Batum\*  
 Somewhere, methinks, near Stalin's earliest  
 home—

Prometheus! I could thus go on for ever,  
 Though Time is pressing and the printer waits,

\*Pronounced Battum

NOTE.—If this invocation fails, as it very likely will, the best plan is to set about doing the job yourself. Another way is to sit up all night and nurse the thing, easing its throat now and then, giving it air, and feeding it every half-hour with a spoonful of castor oil.

EVOE.

Epitome of all mankind's endeavour  
 Against the envious gods and cruel fates,  
 Nephew of Atlas, handsome and unmarried,  
 Brother of that poor idiot who did ope  
 The suitcase that the girl Pandora carried  
 Containing Good and Evil, guns and hope!  
 Need I condense the books of ancient writers  
 Bound and Unbound, who wrote of you so well,  
 Patron of cooks and automatic lighters,  
 Rescued by Heracles, but sent to hell?  
 How is the liver, now not torn to tatters  
 In that dark basement shuttered from the sky?  
 We have had ups and downs in housing matters,  
 Son of Iapetus, both you and I.  
 But if you still recall your ancient present  
 To fond and futile man, your bygone theft,  
 Come round, Prometheus, to Azalea Crescent,  
 Close to the second lamp-post on the left:  
 Forget the eagle's beak, the winged despoiler,  
 The woes of Tartarus! To earth return,  
 And rake the cinders from this icy boiler,  
 And build it up with coke, and make it burn!

## Assistant Masters: Are They Insane?

### Railway Interlude

(From the papers of A. J. Wentworth, Esq.)

"A TRAIN," I read out to my IIIA boys, "leaves Edinburgh for Glasgow at half-past three, arriving at its destination—Well, what is it, Fraser?"

I understood him to say that the half-past three from Edinburgh now left at quarter to four, or some such rubbish.

"Are you trying to be funny?" I demanded sternly.

I think he was genuinely surprised by my attitude, for he flushed up to the roots of his hair and answered quite seriously, "Good Lord, no, sir. It's the winter time-tables, sir. They've put the three-thirty Glasgow train back fifteen minutes so as to connect with the one-fifty-two—"

"Fraser lives in Edinburgh, sir," explained Mason in his interfering way.

"He's nuts on Bradshaw, too," added Tremayne. "I'll bet he's right, sir."

I thanked them all for their assistance, and pointed out that for the purposes of the problem I was about to ask them to be good enough to undertake it was really immaterial whether Fraser lived in Edinburgh or Clacton-on-Sea. "Nor," I added to clinch the matter, "do I care a brass farthing if Bradshaw says the half-past three train starts at breakfast-time. I am not 'nuts on Bradshaw,' Tremayne."

"I only thought we might as well have it right, sir," said Fraser.

"Can't you see, you little nanny-goat," I cried in exasperation, "that we are not concerned with what actually happens now! I am giving out a sum, not arranging a Sunday outing on the Clyde."

"Oh, Sunday," Fraser said. "She doesn't run on Sundays."

"I see," I said ironically; "she doesn't run on Sundays. Well, if everybody had made a note of that important fact, perhaps we can get on with our work. Doesn't run on Sundays, indeed! We shall have Mason asking for a non-smoker next."

When the laughter raised by this sally had died down I gave them the remaining details of the problem, namely that the three-thirty arrives in Glasgow at five o'clock, whereas a train leaving Glasgow at the same time reaches Edinburgh in exactly two hours. The distance between the two places is given as sixty miles (Fraser opened his silly mouth at this, but I quietened him with a frown), and the problem is of course to discover at what distance from Edinburgh the two trains meet.

I had hardly finished speaking before Parkinson, rather an obtuse boy, began to protest that they couldn't do that without knowing the speed of the trains.

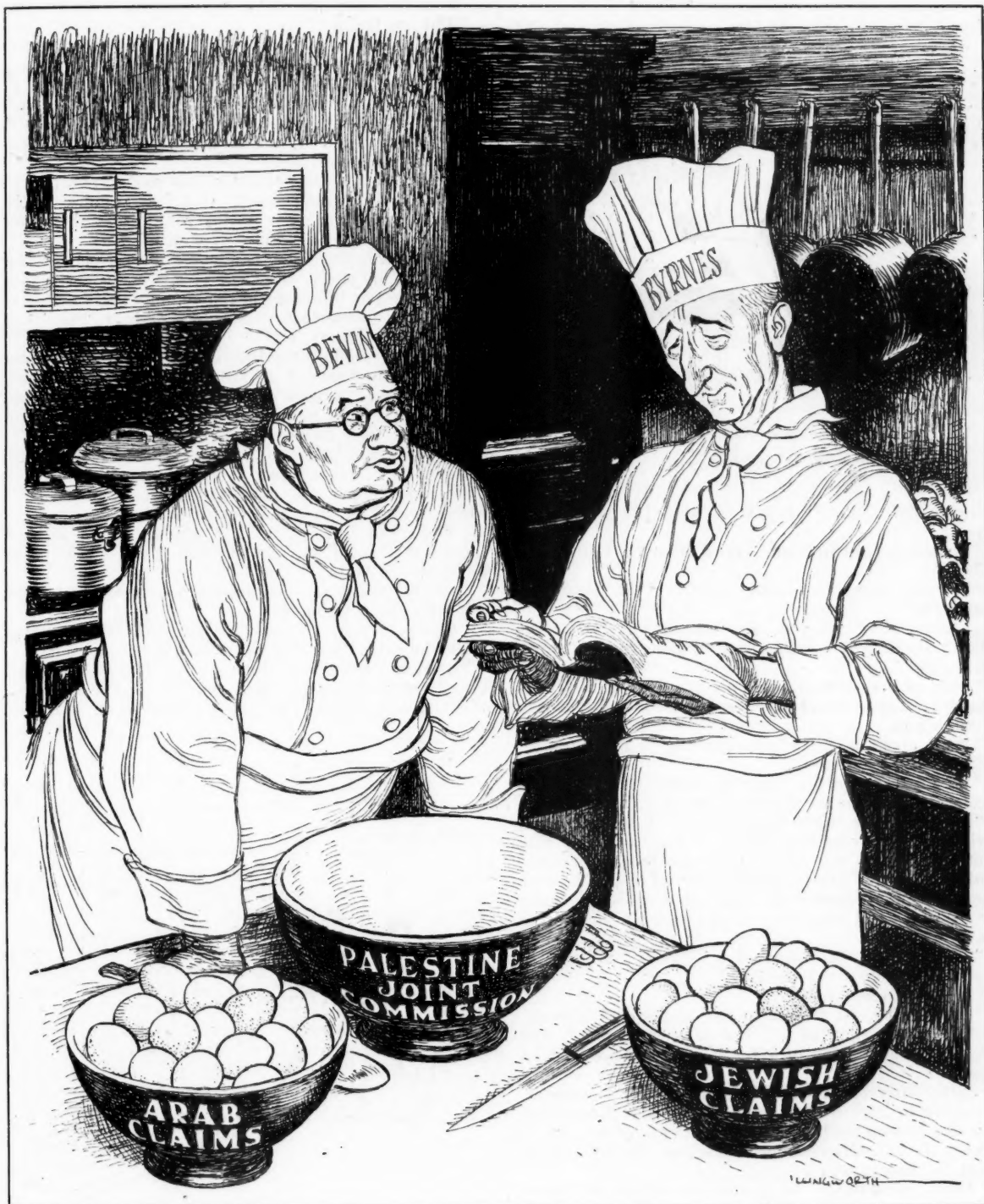
"Think, boy," I implored him. "How far apart are the two stations? Sixty miles? Right. And how long does the train from Glasgow to Edinburgh take? Two hours, doesn't it? Very well, then. Now, can you tell me the speed in miles per hour?"

"No, sir."

"No, Parkinson?"

"No, sir. At least—no, sir, not unless I know how often the train stops."

"There are no stops whatever, Parkinson," I told



TWO COOKS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

"Remember my future as a chef is involved."



"Listen, Pedro, 'Music While You Work'."  
 "Mañana, Sebastian, mañana."

him wearily. "You can take it that the train is an express."

"Sixty miles in two hours!" cried Mason. "Golly, what a flier!"

"Get on, Mason," I said sharply. "All right now, Parkinson?"

"I think so, thank you, sir. Except what about the other train, the one going from Edinburgh, the three-thirty, sir?"

"They're both three-thirties, fool," said somebody, but though I whipped round like a flash I wasn't quick enough to catch him.

"What about it?" I asked, returning to Parkinson.

"I mean, does it stop?"

"It stops at Airdrie," put in Fraser before I could speak. "If you mean the three-forty-five, that is."

"In here at two-thirty sharp, Fraser," I ordered, losing patience. "And you too, Mason, if you can't stop that idiotic grinning. We are wasting far too much time. Both trains—you'd better listen to this all of you, because I'm not going to answer any more questions—both trains are expresses and run at a constant speed from start to finish."

"In that case, sir," objected Tremayne, "I don't see why one of them gets there first."

"Tell him, somebody."

"Because it's got further to go," suggested Parkinson.

"Oh, jolly good, Batty!" one of them shouted, and not being able to think of a better comment myself I let it pass.

Shortly after this I left the form-room for a moment, ostensibly to fetch a book from the Common Room, but in reality to stop the boys asking questions and force them to work the difficulties out for themselves. In the corridor I met the Headmaster.

"Hullo, Wentworth," he greeted me, taking my elbow. "I've been wanting a word with you. You never told me the real history of that fishing trip of yours the other night. I'm dying to know."

"As I think I told you in the boot-room at the time, Headmaster," I began stiffly, "I was merely looking for my umbrella—"

"Because it was a fine night."

"Exactly. And as—"

"Did you find it?"

"No," I said. "Unfortunately not. It was extremely dark in the cupboard, as you can imagine—"

"And you took Gilbert's rod by mistake? I see."

"There was no mistake about it, Headmaster," I said warmly. "I may be all kinds of a fool, but I can still distinguish between my umbrella and a nine-foot fishing-rod, I am thankful to say."

"Then you took the rod to the boot-room on purpose?"

"The point is," I explained, "that I could not leave the cupboard without it. So, rather than spend the whole night in the cupboard, I took it with me."

"Remember, years ago, how you swiped a maiden-hair fern out of my study, Wentworth? I thought at the time it was some sort of uncontrollable impulse that came over you, and I suppose this—this sudden desire to fish comes in the same category, eh?"

But for a twinkle in the Headmaster's eye I should have been seriously annoyed at his reference to a silly misunderstanding that once occurred over a pot-plant of his. Not that the plant was of any particular value to me or anyone else, as it happened.

"If you would let me show you exactly what happened, Headmaster?" I suggested.

He turned away and stood with his back to me for a while, looking out over the playing fields.

"You mean," he said at last, turning round with an expression I could not quite fathom, "you mean—go in the cupboard again?"

I nodded, and he at once agreed to come and watch my demonstration after lunch.

"Half-past two, Wentworth," he said, adding rather inconsequently, "I'll send the School out for a walk."

Thinking it over, I am not sure that I have been wise; I doubt whether any good will come of it. For one thing, of course, I have had to let Mason and Fraser off detention.

H. F. E.



"Yes, it is a nuisance. Periodically a couple of invisible men come along and bawl 'Okay, Harry,' and 'Righto, Ginger,' at each other up and down the shaft."



## A Slim Volume

IT is pleasing in this expensive age to find poetry published at a price well within the means of the poorest of its devotees. At first glance it is not clear whether this four-page book\* is called "*Let the People Sing!*" Price Twopence," or "No. 15 Best Songs (Wireless). Price Twopence." The title doesn't matter; it is the price that matters, and the price is twopence. Perhaps I ought to explain that I got mine free, tucked inside a folded copy of *The Times*. I think this must have been a mistake.

The thirty-six poems (the book is produced in complete conformity with the authorized economy standard) represent the work of some fifty pens. Collaboration in poetry-writing does not seem to have been much practised in the past, but these moderns prove that two, or even three Muses are better than one; the extension of the team-spirit to the poetic field is clearly responsible for the richness and sensibility to be found throughout these pages.

To take one example only—"Cows in the Meadow Don't Moo Any More (The)" was produced by the combined inspirations of Al J. Neiburg, Bickley Reichner and Lt.-Comdr. Clay A. Boland, and it seems unlikely that any of these three poets could have achieved singly the perfection of this pastoral epic's last four lines:

The cows in the meadow don't moo  
any more,  
Moo any more, moo any more,  
The cows in the meadow don't moo  
like before,  
You'd better hurry home.

In the same way, the first verse of "She Broke My Heart in Three Places" is the fruit of many a small hours discussion between Milton Drake, Al Hoffman and Jerry Livingston:

She (I) was like a blushing rose  
That trembled at my (her) touch,  
We were trading sigh for sigh;  
Later on I realized I loved her (him)  
much too much,  
Now you'll see what finally transpired.

If Drake had been left to himself he might have been tempted to use some more conventional rhyme for "sigh," instead of the boldly unusual "transpired," which was probably included at the insistence of Livingston; I feel that Hoffman contributed that telling

line 4; Drake may have said scornfully that it was a "needless Alexandrine," and Livingston may have likened it to a "wounded snake," dragging "its slow length along," but Hoffman stuck to his guns, pointing out that Pope made the mistake of working without collaborators, and that, anyway, very little English poetry was being exported to Vatican City.

I should like to be able to guess which of the three was responsible for the "(I)," "(her)" and "(him)." The device not only relieves the monotony of the scansion, but imparts a refreshing suggestion of a shared experience; both singer and loved one are like blushing roses; they tremble at each other's touch. The balance of the whole lyric is preserved in this way, and lopsidedness avoided.

Drake, Hoffman and Livingston are poets who should be watched. So, of course, as I should have said at the time, are Neiburg, Reichner and Boland—especially Neiburg and Reichner; the Navy can look out for itself.

The great bulk of the work in these pages falls into three principal moods. First, a yearning into the future, secondly, a yearning into the past, and, thirdly, just plain yearning. Let us call these three categories (a), (b) and (c).

In category (a) we find such titles as "When There's Someone to Say 'Good-night' To," "We'll Be Walking Together (my Baby an' Me)," "Waiting in Sweetheart Valley," and—something approaching a sacred song—"Till all our Prayers are Answered." Of these, "Waiting in Sweetheart Valley" is by a poet working alone, and it is interesting to note how his disregard of the current trend towards collaboration makes his work a shade less brilliant than that of the six poets we are already watching:

Sweetheart, I am wishing you were by  
my side,  
Hand in hand down Lovers' Lane,  
Ev'ry time I'm wishing true love is  
my guide,  
Till the day we meet again.

No, I think Jos. Geo. Gilbert would have been better advised to have teamed up with Eliot or de la Mare (or even Lt.-Comdr. Boland), and endured the cut in his royalties for art's sake.

In category (b) we have at least three powerful poems in the backward-yearning mood—"It Was Swell While It Lasted," "Maybe, It's All for the

Best," and "I Don't Care If I Never Dream Again." I must pause to invite your attention to the vivid imagery contained in lines 11-14 of the first of these:

That heart used to lay low  
And gaze at your halo,  
For you were my boon,  
My little new moon.

I doubt if anything in this generation's poetry can compare with those four lines. (The author is the poet and broadcaster, Douglas Furber. He works unaided, and must be regarded as an exception to the rule which ruled out Jos. Geo. Gilbert.)

We are embarrassed with riches in category (c): "How I Miss You," "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," "Across the Bridge of Gold," and "You Belong To My Heart." An especially fine piece of plain yearning is "Apple Honey":

You ought to meet my little Apple  
Honey,  
'Cos she's neater and sweeter than  
sugar to me,  
Birds always greet my little Apple  
Honey  
With a tweet, a tweet, tweet in  
sweetest melody.  
Oh, what a treat is little Apple Honey,  
'Cos she's neater and sweeter than  
sugar to me.

The poets to whom our thanks are due are Den Berry, Desmond O'Connor and Bernard Harris. Their work gets right into the poetry-lover's hollow tooth. They should be watched. But then, they should all be watched, all the time; and the first man to reach for his pen . . . J. B. B.

### Repel Boarders!

"ALL seats are full," the Clippie cries,  
And bodily repels all boarders.  
The situation clearly calls  
For a new set of Standing Orders.

### Pretty Compliment to Medical Man

"THE SCARBOROUGH LOCAL MEDICAL WAR COMMITTEE announces that

Dr. ———  
will RESUME PRACTICE at Whitby as from  
NOVEMBER 5th, 1945.

W. ———, JOINER, NEWHOLM, wishes to  
announce that he is GIVING UP BUSINESS  
AS UNDERTAKER."—*Whitby Gazette*.

\* I follow the publisher's lead. He calls it a book ("See back of book for contents").

## At the Pictures

### THE OLD STORY

A BIOGRAPHICAL film about a popular entertainer has to have a plot made of clichés; because if there were anything genuinely fresh and unusual in the narrative it would distract attention from the musical and other turns the stringing together of which is the real motive of the film. *Rhapsody in Blue* (Director: IRVING RAPPER) conforms to pattern at enormous length. This life of George Gershwin ("jubilant" is the impressively wrong adjective given it in the publicity) is quite an ordinary poor-boy-makes-good story, though it does have one comparatively fresh note—unconsciously summed up by its subject when he is shown saying, in very early days, "When I once get started—nothing 'll ever stop me." Here is, indeed, the portrait of a man nothing can stop, even when (as an anxious friend puts it) success is coming out of his ears and he ought to relax. The trouble is that this single-mindedness is presented as essentially laudable: almost the implication is that it springs from a devotion to the good of humanity, as if the man "never sparing himself," "always unsatisfied," were a doctor saving lives instead of a successful popular musician with a burning desire to excel.

Only OSCAR LEVANT, one of the several people in the picture listed as playing "himself" or "herself," is allowed to be at all disrespectful to the composer, and even he by no means often enough. His astringent wisecracks and some of the lighter, less pompously upholstered tunes provide the film's most entertaining moments. But for the most part it consists of that typical success-story, with considerable intervals for music played at length while the camera endlessly explores packed audiences consisting partly of fatuously smiling people "lost in" the composition and partly of people apparently giving it serious and learned attention. Well, the question is just which of these two reactions worries you more.

Altogether slighter but basically just as hackneyed is *Guest*

*Wife* (Director: SAM WOOD) which, I nevertheless found infinitely more enjoyable. True, it has CLAUDETTE COLBERT, which is a great advantage for any film to start with, but I don't think she is exclusively responsible for

its appeal. She appears as a wife who is called on—through one of those exceedingly laboured, strained and improbable situations that are accepted as a normal ingredient of life by the characters in humorous fiction—to play the part of the (non-existent) wife of her husband's best friend. This imaginative man, a foreign correspondent back from the Far East, has already created the part for her in letters which she is supposed to have written to his sentimental publisher, and the complications when the publisher meets her are such as may be expected. But of course the really important scene is that one of which so few people, apparently, ever get tired: the triangular bedroom scene, in which each member of the trio is constantly dodging the others or worrying about where they are. We work up to this by way of an earlier, modified version of it in a hotel, complete with stern house-detective . . .

Yes, it sounds dreary enough; but I insist that this rehash of the old business has points that make it genuinely entertaining. The chief point I have already mentioned—the playing of Miss COLBERT, who is always a delight to watch. The other points are probably traceable to directorial skill with details; Mr. WOOD is a big gun to be trained on so trivial a target, but the result justifies his choice.

The other new ones at the time of writing offer little of importance, but I will pick out *Her Highness and the Bellboy* (Director: RICHARD THORPE)—solely because, as yet a third example of an old, old story, it fits in suitably. This is founded on Hollywood's most strongly-held belief, that all European princesses with any sense at all must passionately thirst for American citizenship and that all the vigilance of their stuffy and pompous relatives and retainers is necessary to prevent their trying to get it. HEDY LAMARR is the princess this time, and ROBERT WALKER is the bellboy; but he has his own girl, JUNE ALLYSON, who displays the right kind of "radiance" for her regrettably saccharine part but has—somehow—definitely the wrong sort of laugh. To be quite honest I couldn't bear to sit through the whole of this one. R. M.



[*Rhapsody in Blue*

A SPATS OCCASION  
PAUL WHITEMAN



[*Guest Wife*

TRIPARTITE JAM

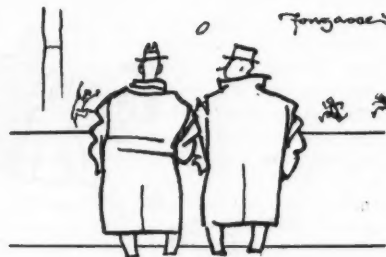
Chris Price . . . . .	RICHARD FORAN
Joe Parker . . . . .	DON AMECHE
Mary Price . . . . .	CLAUDETTE COLBERT



"It's wonderful to be back here watching Rugger again."



Yes, we've seen some good games here—



like that one when . . .



and that one when . . .



Then there was that time when . . .



and that other time when . . .



Then do you remember when . . .



and when . . .



and when . . .



and when . . .



Ah, well, we're not very likely—



to see games like those again!"





*"Attenzione alla testa!"*

### That Chair

**I** SAW it as I took the morning air,  
Crowning a heap of rubbish, bleak and bare,  
The sorry wreckage of an old arm-chair.

Stuffing was none. One bent and rusty spring  
Pierced one small shred of soiled upholstery;  
'Twas a mere skeleton, a dismal thing.

Yet it had known, wot well, its youthful pride  
When some new-furnishing Edwardian bride  
Had loved it for its elegant outside.

How brave it was, how gallantly it shone,  
How many a guest, methought, has sat thereon,  
People who came to call, and Uncle John,

And Cousin Mary, looking in to chat,  
Would take her ease, and talk of this and that,  
Balance her cup of tea, and stroke the cat.

But age had come and, seeing it so low,  
One felt that one would give a bit to know  
Why it had not been heaved out long ago.

To-day again I took the morning air  
And, deeply musing, sought that ancient chair  
To muse awhile thereon. It wasn't there.

I marvelled at its going. On the whole  
I thought, mayhap, some sympathetic soul,  
Marking its former prime, its present dole,

In the still night had greatly dared to creep  
With silent pity to that mangy heap  
And pinched it as the calm world lay in sleep.

Or was it wafted thence at dead of night  
To some dim haven, where old chairs take flight  
And newly sprung, stuffed newly, newly dight,

For ever rest, and dream of days long gone  
When mundane Cousin Mary sat thereon  
Or they were crushed by earthy Uncle John.

Such is my dream. It idly comes and goes.  
'Twould give that battered wreck a fair repose,  
But where it's really got to, goodness knows.  
DUM-DUM.

### Some of My Landladies

**M**Y knowledge of astrology is negligible—for all I know a Sagittarian is a rare oriental fruit—but I wish someone would tell me what odd conjunction of planets destined me to spend the last months of my Air Force career living in a suitcase, as one says, and suffering a succession of eccentric landladies.

Many landladies, I believe, pass as normal beings in this not wholly perfect world, but most of mine have made me feel that life would be a great deal more pleasant had they evolved naturally from the level-headed English land-girl.

Mrs. Trumble is a good example of what I mean. My first impression of her was that she had dressed in great haste and had inadvertently put on someone else's clothes. Whether or not this was so I never ascertained, but throughout my stay her appearance never in any way encouraged me to change my opinion.

In the Trumble homestead I lived "as one of the family," and after a few days I began to mutter to myself and snarl at the drop of a hat, for any resemblance between sanity and life at "Babbacombe" was purely coincidental. At the breakfast-table, for example, Mr. Trumble used to read aloud the unimportant headlines from his newspaper, and his wife talked incessantly about anything or nothing. During my first breakfast there, I remember, Mr. Trumble said "Postman Catches Giant Conger," "Rumanian Count Sues Dentist," and "Met Brother Under Bandstand," while Mrs. Trumble discoursed on dried eggs, whistling milkmen, Mrs. Fletcher's boy's warts, and life in a submarine. Each morning was as disconcerting as its predecessor. Sometimes Mrs. Trumble would stop in the middle of a sentence and ask, "I wonder when the Gridgers will come?" Who or what the Gridgers were I do not know, but it would not surprise me to learn that they were little striped men with three arms.

Mrs. Bodman, with whom I next sought sanctuary, had no illusions about anything. She was a keen student of politics (this didn't show in her face, which was quite unlined), and believed that the world was headed for certain destruction. "No matter what we do, the end will be the same," she told me, adding that "it's as broad as it's long, and it cuts both ways." She was a cheerful pessimist, however, and I was sorry to leave her, but one morning she gave me two hours' notice and announced



"We go by calories here—not people's fads."

her intention of facing the end of the world with her mother at Weston-super-Mare.

I moved next to a house belonging to a Mrs. Roach. Everything would have been all right there if Mrs. Roach hadn't persisted in asking me if everything was all right. The constant reiteration of this question became so irritating that one evening I told Mrs. Roach that as far as I was concerned everything was all right all the time. This news affected her considerably, and she confided in a fellow guest that the trouble with me was that I had got psychology and needed a good running-over by a trained expert. Judging by their manner and conversation at meal-times, all the other guests had got psychology too, and at least one of them would have benefited from a good running-over by a trained motorist.

When I think of Mrs. Limb (and I do so as seldom as possible) I think of ears. Mrs. Limb was a very impractical woman, and on several occasions she made me a pot of tea without putting any tea into the pot. I would mention, in passing, that *all* my landladies followed the English custom of making coffee with warm water and a spoonful of loam. The ear incident was particularly disturbing, however. One evening Mrs. Limb showed me a pair of ear-rings that had been sent to her by someone whom she described as "my Tooting sister." "Mr. Limb says they're ugly," she said. "Would you say they're ugly?" I said no, I wouldn't say they were ugly—for had I made any comment on them at all I would have described them as repulsive.

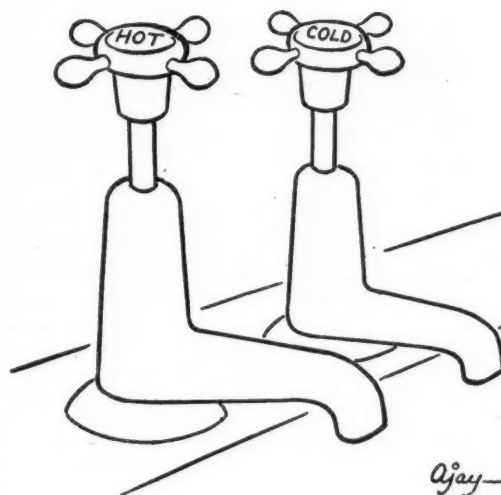
"They haven't any of those little screw-things, though," Mrs. Limb continued. "What do I do?" I told her to pierce her ears, and thought no more of the matter until an hour later, when she walked into my room with a large darning-needle embedded in the lobe of her right ear.

"It just won't go any further," she said calmly, and added that she had had similar trouble when she tried to make a pair of bedroom slippers. Have you ever tried to pull a darning-needle from the lobe of a landlady's ear? It is the sort of task for which one should really go into strict training, and Mrs. Limb didn't make my nerves any steadier by calling her husband to watch the process. "Why the hell did you do it?" Mr. Limb demanded. Mrs. Limb pointed a steady finger at me: "He told me to," she said. I moved almost immediately, but not quite as far away as Mr. Limb suggested.

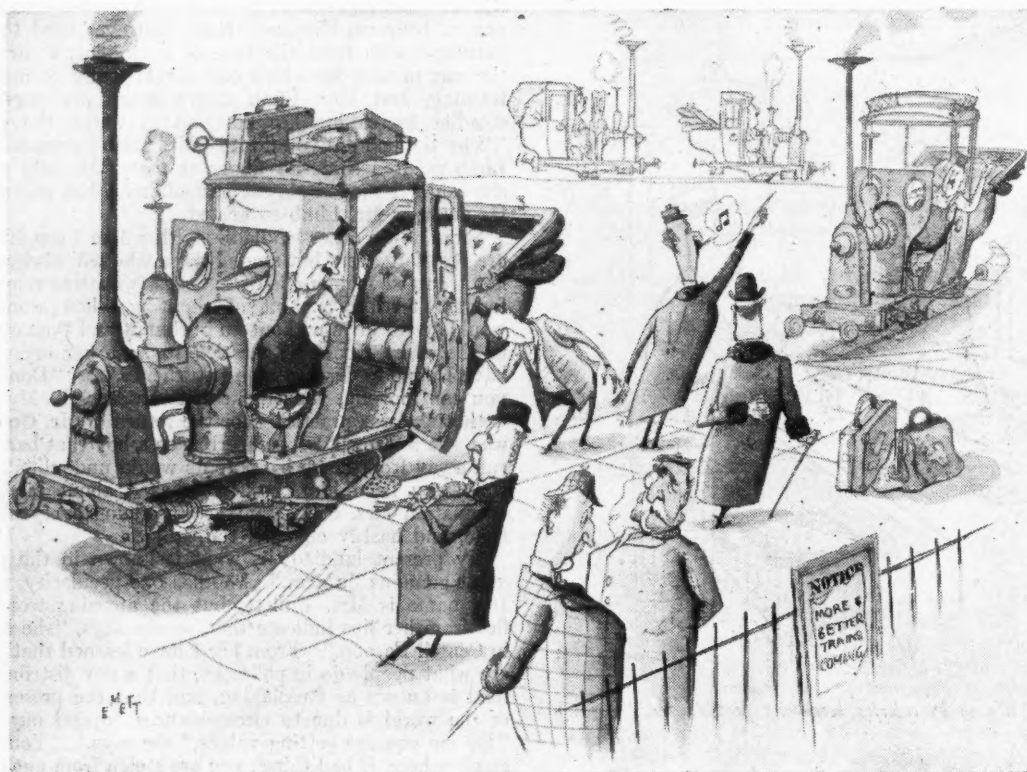
Some of the other landladies with whom I sought refuge are best forgotten, but among those who will always haunt my troubled memory is Mrs. Gollis, who was remarkable for her terrifying habit of shouting when alone. She would go for days without an outburst, and then everyone in the place would be startled to hear her cry, "What have I done to deserve such treatment?" or, "Don't think you can fool me, you crooked little weasel!" My theory is that she was practising for the return of Mr. Gollis who was, she informed me, so horrible as a boy that had he not run away from home his parents would undoubtedly have run away from him. When I asked about his present occupation Mrs. Gollis said he was doing everything but time, and hastily changed the subject.

My present landlady is what is known in the paying-guest game as "a gem." She has one peculiarity, though. Her name is Mrs. Bullett, but the amazing words that fall from her lips indicate that, as she says, "she originated in Centril Earoop." From her I have learned that politics are what people do in poliment, that a fair distribution of food is known as Russianing, and that the present state of the world is due to circumstances beyond our patrol. "By me you are getting values," she says. "You should go elsewhere, is bad thing; you are stolen from out of your monies."

Yesterday she told me that long times I am doing, now I spend times being. One day, I hope, she will tell me just *what* I am being. The information might help to dispel a growing feeling that slowly but surely I am being stolen from out of my minds. And that, I fear, is bad thing.



"What exactly is heavy water?"



*"Ah, now, THAT's what I've always said: study the individual."*

## Grave Possibility

To the Base Transport Officer,  
—, N.W. Germany

SIR,—In accordance with Memorandum 197/NOV reference the possible existence of tyre thieves in this area, the following report is forwarded for information.

On the 13th inst. I was ordered to take a large crate and the Commanding Officer's compliments to Major Snagge, —th Battn. As all other vehicles were engaged on other essential duties I set off in the station ambulance, just repaired and in as good a condition as it was before the Adjutant's farewell party.

The ambulance came to a stop half a mile (approx.) outside the town, sir, and I discovered both petrol tanks to be empty. Except for three utility lighters, which I have returned to the Welfare Officer.

I returned on foot to — Company's post and borrowed one can of petrol. Upon my return to the ambulance I found it standing on four piles of

bricks, red, eight to a pile. Two tyres had been removed.

I have attended seven lectures on "Initiative and Drive," sir, and I thought deeply for a moment. I walked rapidly to — Company's post and enlisted aid. Two sergeants and six members of the Military Police accompanied me to the scene of the theft in an effort to apprehend the men who had perpetrated it. Leaving the lorry out of sight, we covered the last two hundred yards (approx.) on foot, sir. A few valuable moments had been lost at the start while the two sergeants tossed for who should ride in front, and as we rounded the corner we were only in time to see one small man crawling about beneath the ambulance. The other two tyres had disappeared, I noted.

The small man was hoisted to his feet, and as I have attended nine lectures on "The German language," sir, I proceeded to question him. He assured me that he was merely trying

to retrieve his thirty-two bricks, which someone had stolen from his field nearby. He had been in his field all morning, but his sight was bad because of the British bombers, and he had seen no one tamper with the ambulance. To be truthful, he had not noticed the ambulance until he had seen his thirty-two bricks beneath it.

He was, however, very eager to assist, and gave me the names of forty-three persons in his village, all bad people, friendly with Nazi Party, who might have done such a wicked thing. For a little tea he is willing to supply their addresses also, and I have taken his particulars.

As there seemed to be no further point in staying at the scene of the theft, the two sergeants, the police and I returned to the three-ton lorry.

It was standing on four piles of bricks, sir.

Your obedient servant,

B. TRATHWICK,

Lance-Corporal.





## FOR YOUTH

[King George's Jubilee Trust Fund was founded in 1935 to assist the various organizations which provide clubs, camps and other recreational facilities for youth. To the Trust will go the proceeds of a new publication, "The Royal Family in Wartime," which is now on sale to the public, price 5/-. The book forms a permanent record of the activities of the Royal Family in the Second World War. It shows how, by their selfless devotion to duty, the King and Queen, with the other members of the Royal Family, encouraged and inspired their peoples during the long struggle. Over a hundred photographs, which illustrate the narration, help to emphasize the tireless energy with which Their Majesties made their way into every corner of the nation's life, and so into every heart.]

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Monday, November 12th.**—House of Commons: Deputies' Day.

**Tuesday, November 13th.**—House of Commons: A Statement on Palestine.

**Wednesday, November 14th.**—House of Commons: Noughts and Water.

**Thursday, November 15th.**—House of Commons: The Atom.

**Monday, November 12th.**—It was Deputies' Day in the Commons to-day—and very well they all showed up. First, because Mr. Speaker was suffering from sinus trouble, a result of influenza, Major JAMES MILNER, the Deputy Speaker, and Mr. BEAUMONT, his deputy, had to share the duties of the Chair between them. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Lord President of the Council, was deputizing for the Prime Minister, absent in Washington in conference with President TRUMAN on the future (if any) of the atomic bomb. Mr. ANTHONY EDEN was deputizing for the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, on holiday in Paris.

Everyone missed the chief actors, but agreed that their understudies played the parts as to the manner born.

Question-time was probably one of the quietest (it would be contempt of Parliament, or something, to say the dullest) for a long time. From the desert there stood out in vivid relief these immortal words of Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, Minister of Agriculture: "All relevant factors are being taken into consideration."

The House, without distinction of Party, welcomed with undisguised pleasure the return of this old and tried friend of the Minister in need.

The business of the day was a Bill to improve the lot of those hard-working servants of the community, casual dock-labourers, and to give them some security of employment. Mr. GEORGE ISAACS, the Minister of Labour, moved the Second Reading with a speech so full of boyhood reminiscences that someone likened it to an after-dinner or prize-giving oration. It was not until the debate had proceeded for some time that the sharp eyes of Mr. SYDNEY SILVERMAN discovered a small sub-section in which it was provided that anyone who upset a plan made under the Bill—by going on strike, officially or unofficially, for instance—might be fined £50 and sent to jail for three months. This, said Mr. S., supported by Mr. HOPKIN MORRIS and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES,

struck at the right to strike, made dock-workers into slaves, and all that.

Mr. ISAACS looked genuinely astonished when the sub-section was pointed out to him, but hurriedly explained that Mr. SILVERMAN's reading of the Bill was not his. However, he would look into it.

And so the debate ended, and Mr. GODFREY NICHOLSON, on the adjournment, gave the House a few unexpected minutes of its favourite sport—Hunting-the-Press. He made a complaint about the publication by the Press and the B.B.C. of an official announcement that a gallant British



LAOCOON UP-TO-DATE

"For heaven's sake let us get rid of some of this red tape."—The Archbishop of York on the Government's housing policy.

officer had been murdered in Java, and took occasion to refer to the British Press (or most of it) as "the gutter Press." He claimed, in a speech that might have been improved by a little more moderation in tone, that the Press did not reflect truly the taste of the British public.

Even his fellow Press-hunters seemed glad when Major ARTHUR HENDERSON, for the India Office, and Mr. EDWARD WILLIAMS, the Minister of Information, showed Mr. NICHOLSON's whole complaint against the newspapers and the B.B.C. to be ill-founded. It was not an interlude to make the House of Commons proud.

**Tuesday, November 13th.**—Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, who is rapidly becoming one of the

greatest of our Parliamentarians, made a statement to-day on the Government's policy on the Jewish problem. It was that we are to join with the Government of the United States in working out a scheme for overcoming the age-old problem, made so terribly acute by the persecution of the Nazis. The phrasing of the statement, so direct and firm, yet so persuasive and appealing, made a deep impression on the House, and Mr. BEVIN, with emotion in his voice, exclaimed: "I stake my political future on the solution of this problem!"

Daring words, indeed, for the problem has so often defied the wit of man—yet all present recognized and appreciated the sincerity of the remark.

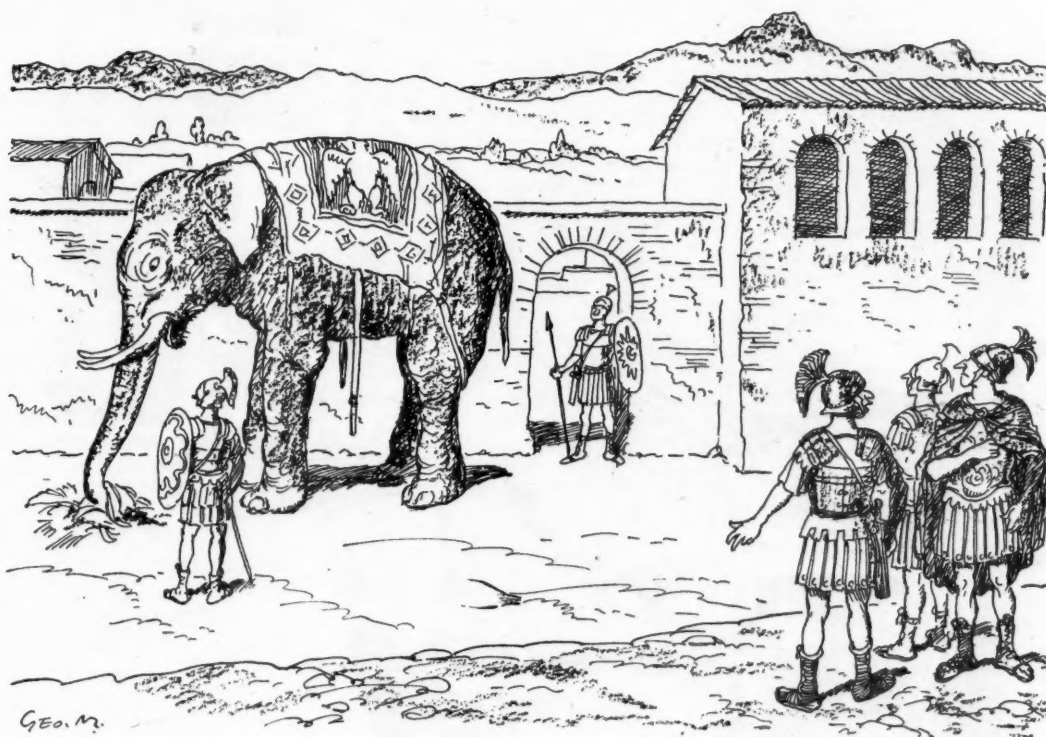
Giant (and stentorian) Mr. DICK STOKES and little (and soft-spoken) Mr. NORMAN SMITH, sitting side-by-side in the House, figured in a highly-successful (if quite unconscious) bit of clowning.

Mr. STOKES was sitting nearer to the Chair than Mr. SMITH, and when both rose, Mr. SMITH was called, but Mr. STOKES asked a question. When this aroused cries of "Order!" the puzzled Mr. STOKES looked vainly around for his rival, who was completely eclipsed by his more massive frame. But, eventually, by a bit of direct action with Mr. STOKES's coat-tails, Mr. SMITH got a sight of the Chair and a voice in the proceedings. Mr. STOKES sat down, only to leap up again—once more blotting out Mr. SMITH, who also had ambitions to ask another question. But this time it was Mr. STOKES who was chosen to speak, and the House roared as, from behind the "Big Man," could be heard the voice of the "Little Man" gallantly (if illegally) going ahead with his query, against all odds.

When the House had dried its eyes a bit, and was comparatively quiet once more, the proceedings proceeded. "Operation Eclipse," as military-minded Members called it, had been a howling success—literally so.

MISS ALICE BACON drew from the Home Secretary, Mr. CHUTER EDE, the statement that poor and distressed people on the Continent of Europe who have relatives in Britain ready and willing to care for them may be given leave to enter Britain's hospitable portals. This promise, in the best British tradition, was warmly cheered on all sides. The House of Commons is an intensely human place.

The fine old Cabinet principle that "It-does-not-matter-what-we-say-so-long-as-we-all-say-the-same" suffered a jolt to-day. It so happened that housing was being discussed simultaneously in both Houses—in the



*"They'll never be able to keep it secret."*

Commons the rent of furnished accommodation and, in the Lords, just houses. Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, expressed the "vague estimate" that the "housing stringency" would have ended by 1947. This was a fifty per cent. cut on the previous estimate of four years he had given the House.

Over in the Lords, Lord LISTOWEL, the Postmaster-General, showed rather more than the quota of caution Mr. BEVAN had formerly shown, and declined to give any "target" either of time or numbers. He mentioned, indeed, that there were many "bottle-necks." Which, to students of political jargon, sounded ominous.

Wednesday, November 14th.—Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, commenting on a complaint that in these days of great crowds of visitors to the House it took a long time to find a Member; suggested that there should be loud-speakers to call them—"Paging Mr. Snooks!" sort of thing. The House thought the proposal amusing but impracticable.

Later on, Mr. TOM SMITH complained

that the Minister of Fuel had spoken of ".3" when he meant ".03." There was a lot of confusing talk about the difference implied by that "0," and the whole thing ended (as the old-fashioned newspaper used to say) with "Cries of 'O'."

Later still there was a discussion on the beauties of the Scottish Highlands, and how they will be damaged (or will they?) by a hydro-electric scheme. The debate was long and eloquent, but nothing particular happened about it in the end.

Thursday, November 15th.—Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Lord President of the Council, interrupted the business to announce that Mr. ATTLEE, in Washington, had come to an agreement with President TRUMAN about the use (or non-use) of atomic energy. The idea is to outlaw the use of atom bombs and to set up a Commission which shall try to turn the new discovery into the ways of peace. Mr. MORRISON promised a two-days' debate on this and the highly relevant and allied subject of world peace.

Then there was a long discussion

(ironically enough) about speeding up the procedure of Parliament. And then a discussion on the setting up of a Select Committee to consider the expenses and amenities of M.P.s. It was a pity that the discussion resulted in the destruction of one amenity—the ability to catch last trains and buses. However, that's the way it goes.

"He was just going to meet the doctors. 'All I can tell you most sincerely is this: we have nothing at all in our minds'."

"Times" report of speech by the Minister of Health.

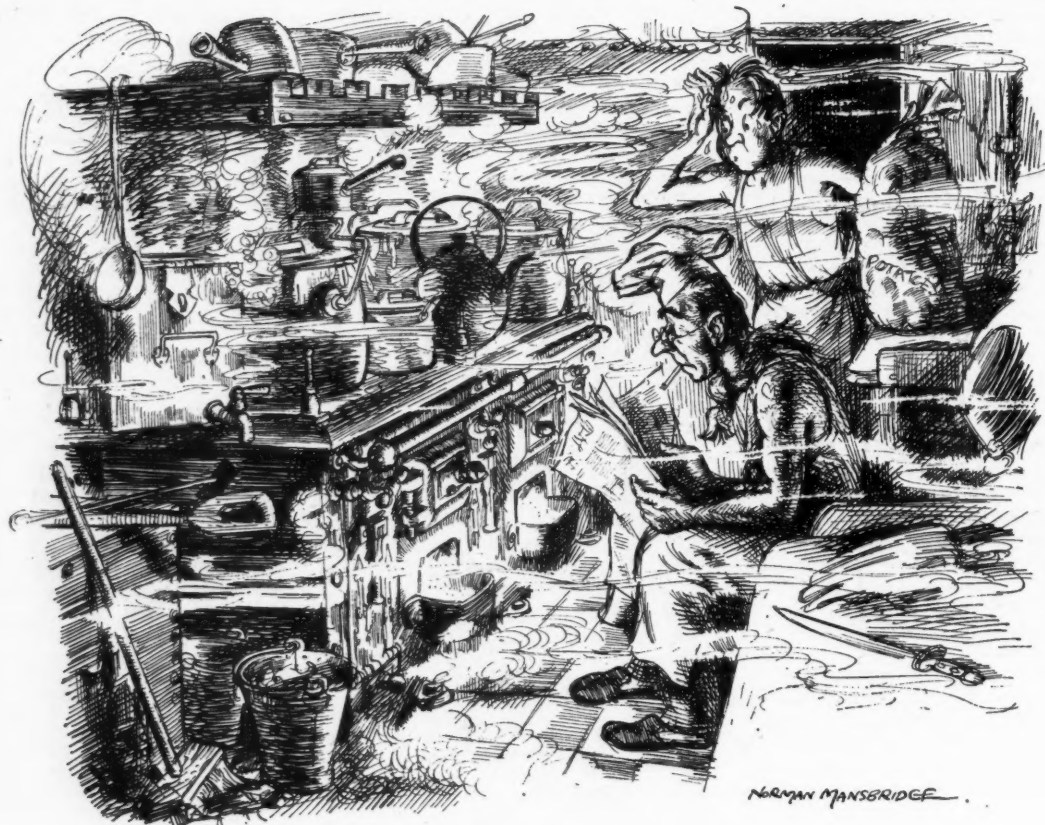
There should be no difficulty about the certificate, then.

"When the term 'Gents' bicycle' was used in a case at Bromley to-day, the Clerk remarked that the Magistrates did not like the word 'Gents.' There was no such word. 'Why not say man's bicycle?' he suggested to the C.I.D. officer concerned..."

Evening paper.

Be a bit precious, wouldn't it?





"Phew! It's hot up on deck."

## Topsy Turvy

VI

**T**RIX darling about the Moon-Party, you remember I said you might sound your Henry a bit, about the evacuation I mean, well I do hope you weren't too communicative because it's quite off the whole thing, my dear just as I foretold pure international jaundice prevailing ubiquitously, my dear the suffering Russians wouldn't think of anyone proceeding to the Moon at all, the Americans wanted ten Moon-bases, the Australians it seems had never been consulted, the Canadians needed all the mining-rights, the entire tribe of Smaller Nations not to mention the whole of South America insisted on having a Joint Committee not to mention observers and moon-dromes, so my dear by the end of the Conference the one country with practically no claim on the Moon was poor old Britain, who conceived the entire thing, anyhow it's quite off now darling, and perhaps there

is something in Haddock's couplet If Drake had waited for Whitehall He never would have sailed at all, too discouraging.

But I was going to tell you about my pathetic Iodine, you remember her don't you, Iodine Dale, she captained lacrosse or something at the old academy, well my dear too carelessly she married a most dank and insanitary species, my dear I can't tell you everything in a letter, but anyhow the total effect of the union was atomic, mere disintegration and septic vapours, however she's got her divorcee poor dear or rather she hasn't, because of course all she's got is this childish decree nisi, and nisi little rustic I must inform you is a Latin word signifying unless, and when you think of the thousands that occur each year well that as Haddock says will show you how dead the Latin language is, well anyhow Iodine has got this decree of

divorce unless, and my dear if you ask Haddock unless what, all he can say is unless the Judge changes his mind, and of course put like that it shows up doesn't it how intensely spurious, because at once you ask why should he change the little old mind, and then he says Oh well there might have been collusion or connivance or condonation or one of those things, well then I said but why didn't the Judge discover such banes and blemishes at the trial, so then Haddock said As a matter of fact you're too right, that's just what he's supposed to do, well my dear by this time the little head was circulating somewhat, so Haddock gave me the longest explanation which I'll try to repeat for you in rustic language, and my dear don't think that this is merely lawyers' fun because here under my anæmic wing is this distracted Iodine, half-bats with worry although the innocent party, policemen at the back

door, and macaber figures *lurking* in the shadows, what's more you or yours may be in the same ditch any day *no* darling I withdraw of course your Henry could *never*, *half* a minute I *must* take a peep outside to see if that man is under the lamp-post again.

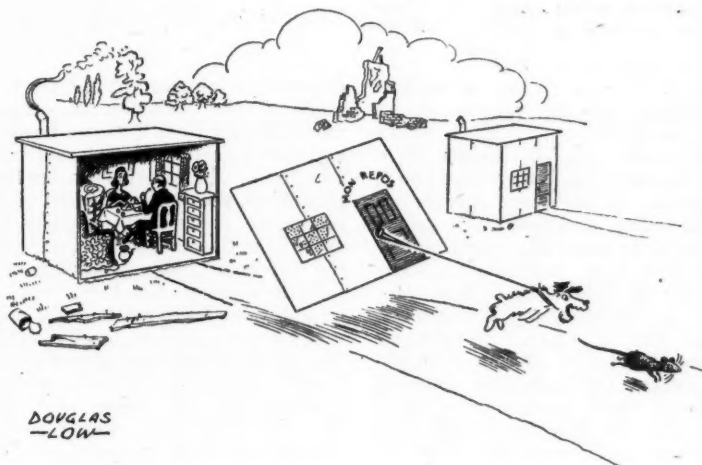
Yes there he is, *too* fraying, it's the cockeyed lamp the *rocket* blasted, and now I suppose it will *never* be mended, he *leans* against the lamp-post on the shadow side and you *just* can't see his *repulsive* face, I'm *sure* it's repulsive, however to go back, you *may* remember that *years* ago Haddock brought in the old Divorce Bill, and *one* of the clauses he added on his own was to *abolish* this puerile and fatiguing *nisi*-nonsense, which *by* the way it seems they do *not* have in Bonny Scotland, I mean there you're divorced or *not* and no doubt about it, whereas of course for *six* months my *hunted* Iodine is neither one thing *nor* the other, she's *no* husband but she can't *marry*, which is *against* nature and practically *everything*, well to go back that clause was *whisked* out at once in Committee, because they said the King's Proctor *must* have the six months to probe about for *collusion*, etc., and smell out any *unveracities* or half-lies that may have slipped past the Judge, I *should* say *by* the way darling that according to Haddock the King's Proctor is a *lovable* variety and his charm-and-merit group is definitely *high*, well but *then* they said that *as* the law stood the Judge *might* grant a decree *unless* he had any reason to suppose that there was any *collusion* or lying or what-not about, I *think* it's Section 178 of something, so they said it was *too* feasible for the plausible and low-intention type to slip a wicked one past the poor Judge while he wasn't looking, *hence* they said the Decree *Nisi* in 1860 and *hence* how *indispensable* still the Decree *Nisi* in 1937, my dear have you the *faintest* notion what all this is about, *just* read it over and over again darling *quite* slowly, because *honestly* my dear Haddock says there are *quite* scores of *thousands* of citizens in the same *crazy* quandary as our Iodine to-day.

Well of course it seems worn down by all this *ponderous* metal poor Haddock had to surrender his little clause and the old Bill *trundled* along, but my dear *this* is the stagger, *what* happened *next*, why my dear they said we *can't* have collusion and everything and *what's* more we *won't* have our judges *deceived*, so they altered section 178 of what-was-it and turned it round the other way, so that *now* my dear it says the judge *shall not* grant a decree *at all* unless he's *too* satisfied

there's *no* collusion, lying, etc., my dear if he's the *least* suspicion he must say *No*, you *do* see the point now *don't* you darling, because it means that if he's a good judge which one *must* assume darling he *can't* possibly have been *deceived*, whereas you still have this barbarous *nisi*-stuff the *whole* point of which is that he may have been *deceived* *still*, and of course Haddock says the *nisi*-law is absolutely a *concrete* insult to His Majesty's Judgery.

However *so* much for the law darling, *now* for the gruesome events, well my dear the *first* thing was that I get an *appealing* telephone from *tormented* Iodine who is alone in the ancestral villa with her Decree *Unless* and her faithful Nanny, and it seems that *quite* suddenly a policeman appears at the back door and asks the petrified Nanny the *most* mild but *intimate* questions about the Iodine Way of Life so to speak, I mean *how* late to bed, *any* men about and *so* forth, well in the *midst* of the narrative there's a *hair-curling* scream, because it seems Nanny has just reported there's a *hooded* man at the front door, well of course I at once offered the poor waif *sanctuary* in Jill's room who my dear I think now will *never* be demobbed or *anything*, I forget if I told you she's a *Leading* Torpedo Wren and knows *quite* everything about Volts and Wattery, besides my dear doing *land-work* and massage in the early stages, the *things* they're up to the Youth Movement nowadays, well to return to Iodine and my *Christian* behaviour, because my dear *wet* paint everywhere and Haddock I *rather* think is *rather* attracted, though of course it's too true that he has a *technical* interest, because you know in *this* Parliament he *tried* to introduce

*eleven* Bills, *too* numerous and *quite* fruitless because this *inflated* Government has taken *all* the time for their *verbose* megalomaniacs, anyhow *one* of the Bills was to *again* abolish this infantile Decree *Unless*, so one can't complain of a *certain* interest, though *when* it comes to striking *utter* strangers at the front door, however I haven't told you all, in fact I *can't*, the thing's an *enigma*, my dear *one* theory is that *someone's* written the King's Proctor an *anonymous* letter about the innocent Iodine, which it seems is the done thing in *this* indecent world, and *hence* the policeman, but then *who* is the *hatted* man who merely *haunts* the premises, *glues* himself to that lamp-post for absolute *hours* and from time to time *darts* across the road, *hammers* on the front door and at once vanishes, *except* as I say my dear when Haddock *biffed* him, well the Haddock hypothesis is that he is actually the *respondent* Mr. Iodine, because Iodine once thought that she recognized the *walk*, though now of course she's *too* tremulous to even *peep* from a window, that it was *Mr.* Iodine who wrote the anonymous letter, to *secure* the policeman, and now does the hooded-man act to keep him *interested*, well of course it all sounds *absolute* bats, but then as Haddock says the Decree *Unless* is *absolute* bats, and of course it seems that *Mr.* Iodine is actually that sort of *type*, so there's *no* reason why *quite* anything should *not* occur, and of course the hooded man may *well* be a *detective*, but my dear the drab thing is that Iodine has three months to go at *least*, so *what* will happen in *this* poor home, and if anyone defends these *statulent* laws, but of course *all* the King's Ministers think about is *nationalizing* this and that, *Oh* dear, farewell your agitated Topsy. A. P. H.



## At the Play

"THE TROJAN WOMEN";  
"THE HAPPY JOURNEY TO TRENTON  
AND CAMDEN" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

NEVER since Euripides wrote it can there have been more lively a point to this play than there is to-day, for it sums up pretty accurately what the greatest war has brought to the millions of women in all the overrun countries of the world. It is a protest against the degradation of the human spirit which applies as much to the Ukraine and the ghettos of Warsaw as it did to Melos and the other places sacked by Euripides' conquering countrymen. *Hecuba* is the matriarch of Lidice. She is Blitzkrieg Victim Number One, for whom, all through history, war has meant not power and excitement and brass bands, but fear and cold misery and agony of the soul. If Euripides had known about the atom bomb he would not have had to cut a line of the play, because it is conceived in the broadest terms of human suffering. *Poseidon* took a long view when he said (I quote from Professor Murray's translation):

"How are ye blind,  
Ye treaders down of cities,  
ye that cast  
Temples to desolation, and  
lay waste  
Tombs, the untrodden  
sanctuaries where lie  
The ancient dead; your-  
selves so soon to die!"

It is easy to see how tempting it was to try a modern production, but the venture is not very successful. Mr. F. KINCHIN SMITH's new version sounds at a first hearing like Murray-and-water; the poetry of the great speeches is not so telling, and nothing is gained in making the minor characters express themselves more colloquially. The play has no need of up-to-date trappings to emphasize its timelessness, and by putting the cast into evening dresses and bright Balkan uniforms Miss GRETA DOUGLAS only confused the issue; Greek tragedy on an alien stage descends only too readily into Ruritanian melodrama, and when the

Herald *Talthybius* came clicking on in the best Camberley manner and *Menelaus* dazzled us with what was obviously one of Goering's discarded outfits (very much reduced for the benefit of Mr. ANDREW LAURENCE) I half expected someone to ask at what time the next Dakota was taking off for Athens. Modern dress is a fair experiment to put a play at its ease, but Greek drama is more a kind of glorified poetry-reading than a play in our sense, and while the mood of the

of her time with her back to us. Miss EILEEN HERLIE's *Andromache* was a proper widow to *Hector*, full of fury and dignity. Miss JOY HARVEY made a moving *Cassandra*, the pitiful halfwit merging powerfully into the inspired visionary, and Miss KATHLEEN KENT's performance as *Helen* was up-to-date in being in the best tradition of the shady side of Jermyn Street. A conventional columned setting, by Mr. MICHAEL WEIGHT, was simple and effective.

We were to see it again in Mr. THORNTON WILDER's joyous pick-me-up, much needed, *The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden*. This is a holiday charade of the American Little Man and his family, as Miss Ruth Draper might do it hand-in-hand with Lady Precious-Stream; it will surely be as popular with producers as with audiences, for all that need be added to the previous set is the four chairs which serve collectively as the family sedan and severally as their suitcases. When *Ma* shuts up the house she locks invisible doors, and when *Pa* steers his little brood proudly along the wide motorway he grips an invisible wheel; at the end of the journey *Ma* goes up to her bedroom by simply walking round one of Mr. WEIGHT's pillars and coming back to us again. *Pa* is the life and soul of the solemn fraternities, the man you see wearing a paper hat in *Life*, a likeable honest fellow unchipped from the great unifying mould of American provincial society; *Ma* is the warm-hearted, cake-baking tart-tongued prop of the evangelical home; *Caroline* and *Arthur* are delightfully natural children. We cannot help falling in love immediately with this family. Their day out is our day out, their traffic blocks our traffic blocks, and their hot-dogs deliciously our hot-dogs. Miss JOAN YOUNG and Mr. ALEXANDER ARCHDALE (a far cry from last week, when I saw him play with gusto the brutal ravisher in *Grand Guignol*) are splendidly the parents, Miss GABRIELLE BLUNT and Master MICHAEL NEWALL are charmingly the children. Mr. ERIC CROZIER has drilled them all beautifully. ERIC.



A "RUTH DRAPER" FOUR-SEATER

Ma Kirby . . . . .	MISS JOAN YOUNG
Caroline . . . . .	MISS GABRIELLE BLUNT
Elmer . . . . .	MR. ALEXANDER ARCHDALE
Arthur . . . . .	MASTER MICHAEL NEWALL

decorations is important in setting the mood of the audience, unnecessary tricks distract from the main business, and that is poetry. Having said which I hasten to add that this is a devil of a play from the point of view of the producer. It has hardly any plot, and apart from *Cassandra's* brief scene and the murder of *Andromache's* boy there is little relief to the rising dirge of lamentation. *Helen* has the only laugh.

It was very good to see Miss MARIE NEY again. Ideally the part of *Hecuba* requires an actress of more matronly presence, but she speaks verse well. As other critics have already pointed out, she was made to spend too much



## The School's Progress

Headmaster's Report to the Governors

To Able Seaman Clifford Boyd-Elliott,  
Chairman of Governors

DEAR SIR,—I give below my report of the organization of the school for the new term. In accordance with a circular received from the Director of Education, members of the staff are given their Service titles.

Yours faithfully,  
RODNEY JONES, M.A.  
(Leading Aircraftman)

Major Brown has been placed in charge of the Entrants' Class and will take General Form Subjects with this class. Third Officer White is now taking Physical Training with the girls, and is assisted by Section Officer Gray. The Modern Languages have been handed over to Lance-Bombardier Robinson, who will be assisted by Lieut.-Col. Smith and Wing-Commander Black.

I have appointed Corporal Stubble to the headship of the Science Department, with Group-Captain Long and Commander Evans as his juniors. Leading Aircraftman Gibbs will be in charge of the History, assisted by Sergeant-Major Coleman. The Senior Mathematics Master's post is given to Sergeant Harris, with Corporal Short and Paymaster Eagle as assistants. Mr. Wills is responsible for the English and is assisted by Sergeant Best and Warrant Officer Lightfoot. The boys' Physical Training is in the care of Regt.-Sergeant-Major Swift, assisted by Petty Officer Clark.

Mr. Woolf is now responsible for the Geography and is assisted by Captain Roberts. The captain is a little indignant, maintaining that as he has fought from El Alamein to Berlin, and seen more countries than Mr. Woolf, their positions should be reversed.

The new caretaker is Captain Watts. As you know, he was a Commando, and he now insists on being styled "Commando Watts." He causes considerable distraction in morning school by jumping from the roof after having inspected the defective skylight, instead of descending in the orthodox manner.

In conclusion I would like to make this observation. While I do at all times faithfully interpret the orders of the Director of Education, I am finding that the execution of this one calls for tremendous tact and diplomacy, and I would be most grateful if you



"Well, I must be off, dear, so here's your library book and here's your pencil in case you should want to write 'Bosh!' in the margin."

could suggest to him that he considers its withdrawal.

Could you point out to him that we have only one staff room, and that in the past there has always been perfect harmony within its walls. With the present regime of titles, the staff are agitating for additional rooms—e.g., one for the Navy, another for the Army, and a third for the Air Force. The naval contingent have even asked for a cabin to be fitted up, and a separate mess for the ratings. If I agree to this it would create a delicate situation were you to stay to lunch. The sergeants are further complicating

matters at canteen meals by demanding a sergeants' mess.

The pupils are taking the new arrangement surprisingly well, but their sense of seniority is completely shattered. As you know, in peacetime they never did like Corporal Stubble, and now they are paying back old scores and deriving much amusement by the use of such phrases as "Yes, Corporal Stubble, but Group-Captain Long and Commander Evans both gave us a different explanation of Boyle's Law." I fear that this may spread, and the possible repercussions are causing me considerable anxiety.



"Then I shall give you pencil and paper and we'll see how many objects you can remember."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Star-Gazy Pie

IN their aspiration to perform for Cornwall the service Alphonse Daudet rendered to Provence—to produce a volume of regional short stories whose diverse periods and settings should convey an ethnological continuity—Mr. A. L. ROWSE'S *West-Country Stories* (MACMILLAN, 8/6) deserve not only their own share of success but an enkindling influence on story-tellers in other counties. It was perhaps a little daring in the jacket to challenge Daudet. You cannot recapture the *espièglerie* of M. Seguin's goat and the pleasant irreverence of La Mule du Pape in a dour Celtic province like the Duchy. But in his happiest numbers the author has admirably seized what another French storyteller calls "the twofold impact of the outer and the inner world," which is the essence of the best regional *contes*—Daudet's or anyone else's. In this genre "The Wicked Vicar of Lansillian," "The Stone That Liked Company" and "The Story of Polruddon" are outstanding, the last-named emphasizing Cornwall's historic affinity with Brittany in a particularly heartless and unfraternal manner. Next time, might one suggest more stories, fewer articles and no broadcasts? For even so sympathetic a disquisition as "The Duchy of Cornwall" detracts from the strong impression that an entire book of Cornish tales by Mr. ROWSE would be bound to make.

H. P. E.

#### A Comprehensive Romance

ONE admires *London Belongs to Me* (COLLINS, 12/6) as one admires a well-organized general stores; there is something in it for every taste, except the literary. Mr. NORMAN COLLINS lays the scene of his vast novel (three hundred thousand words in length) in a boarding-house in South London, and as all the inmates figure in his story he is able to vary his effects at will and run a willing reader through

the whole gamut of human emotions. The first floor is occupied by Mr. Josser, a retired City clerk, his wife and family. Mr. Josser embodies the kindness and uncomplaining fortitude of the Little Man; his wife, less amiable, is good at heart; his daughter, also good at heart, marries a medical student who becomes a major during the war; his son, a sterling youth, is killed at Dunkirk. Mr. Puddy, an elderly and adenoidal widower who has come down in the world, supplies comic relief, but has his moment of heroism as a night watchman in an air raid. Connie, a cloakroom attendant in a night club, artful in a forlorn way, also supplies comic relief. Mrs. Vizzard, the landlady, mean and grasping in all her dealings, falls an easy victim to a mysterious lodger, in a long overcoat and wide black hat, a spiritualist who uses Mrs. Vizzard's money to equip himself for the courtship of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Jan Byl. As usually happens in these immense carefully-planned novels, such reality as *London Belongs to Me* possesses fades out some time before the close. All the characters have to be disposed of in accordance with the reader's sense of fitness, as divined by the author. Thus the spiritualist, Professor Qualito, turns out to be an Italian ("He hadn't been romancing about his name after all. It really was Qualito"), and therefore ends up in a hut on the Isle of Man; and so with the others, according to their deserts. The most convincing person in the book, the one drawn with most gusto, is Percy, a garage hand, a spoilt self-indulgent youth, who ends up by killing a girl; and with his imprisonment the life goes out of the book.

H. K.

#### Collected Thurber

In every way characteristic of Mr. JAMES THURBER and representative of his Message, the drawing on the cover of *The Thurber Carnival* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 10/6) shows a portion of a roundabout, with a scared and anxious man (on a Thurber rabbit) being pursued by a grim and confident woman (on a Thurber dog). The book is a sort of Thurber omnibus, containing selections from seven of his books—including the books of drawings—and the whole of an eighth (the beautifully unbreakable *My Life and Hard Times*), as well as six pieces hitherto unpublished and a preface, "My Fifty Years With James Thurber," by the man uniquely qualified to write it—JAMES THURBER. This preface, by the way, luminously sums up his pictures in the remark that they "sometimes seem to have reached completion by some other route than the common one of intent," but it does not fully bring out their profound difference in this particular from his prose, which displays the utmost scrupulosity in choice of words, phrasing, and adjustment of cadence. And one must marvel at the skill of his manipulation to comic effect, in both drawings and writings, of edge-of-insanity neurosis and extreme conjugal exasperation—subjects that few other writers, and hardly any other humorists, are equipped to touch without disaster. Though the paper isn't all it might be, these 370-odd pages make a wonderful half-guinea's-worth.

R. M.

#### Taking Notes

Among a plethora of books sedulously engaged in keeping the international temperature above normal, *Prisoner in Japan* (BLES, 10/6) does not entirely succeed in fanning our hatred for the last-out of the Axis. This is not because Miss PHYLLIS ARGALL has any tenderness towards her late hosts. But she is so obviously the sort of journalist who would be a dangerous guest in a potentially enemy country that one cannot help feeling that in the matter of her imprisonment she asked for

what she got. The jacket calls her a missionary. Actually she was a Canadian Episcopalian who secured a temporary teaching post in a Presbyterian mission college in Formosa. She seems to have had little interest in the conversion of Formosa, an insanitary island where you had to disinfect your hands after correcting your pupils' notebooks. But she pluckily refused to comply with Japanese anti-Christian legislation, resigned in 1935, and became a journalist in Tokyo. Here, as correspondent of the *News Chronicle* and editor of the *American Japan News-Week*, she smuggled out unfavourable comment on the Japanese, on one occasion "through the British Embassy mail pouch." Her arrest for espionage on December 7th 1941 was therefore understandable, and her release on an American Exchange boat an uncovenanted mercy.

H. P. E.

### Historical Gossip

It would be a mistake to search too deeply for a unifying idea in Dr. HAROLD WHEELER's *This Thing Called History* (MACDONALD, 6/-). A popular historian, who has written about Napoleon and Wellington, Nelson and Lord Roberts, the British Navy and the Merchant Service, Dr. WHEELER rambles in this book over the whole field of human endeavour. In his philosophical moments he is inclined to hedge—for example: "All that can be said with any degree of certainty is that history neither rules out Providence nor positively confirms the existence of a Higher Power"; or "It may be that if we evaluate our learning we shall find that we have neglected branches that would have afforded a richer reward than those on which we have concentrated." But he is full of excellent quotations from all kinds of persons, and illustrative details about everyone from Tamerlane to Lloyd George. It is interesting to learn that Napoleon, presented with a pipe by the Turkish Ambassador, drew deeply at the pipe and then flung it at the donor; and it is curious to read Carlyle on the war of 1870—"I believe magnanimous, pious, strong, and modest Germany is henceforth to be Queen of the Continent, instead of vain, vaporising, impious and mischievous France."

H. K.

### The Wake of War

Anyone who can bear to read about war will find Miss VERA BRITAIN's *Account Rendered* (MACMILLAN, 9/6) an interesting novel with a constructive theme. Her hero, a brilliant young musician, sustains a severe concussion in France in 1918 and, though he appears to recover, becomes subject to recurrent blank periods during one of which, in the middle of this last war, he murders his wife, to whom he is known to be devoted. His reputation as a composer and as an industrialist with advanced schemes for the betterment of his workers makes for a *cause célèbre*, and Miss BRITAIN skilfully uses a dramatic story as a medium for the discussion of the idea that, unless the world is to go under, an attempt at international honesty must be accompanied not only by physical welfare work in its largest sense but by intelligent application to social problems of man's dawning knowledge of his own mental mechanics. She writes with burning sincerity, and is sometimes carried away by it; I feel, for instance, that profoundly contemptuous as she is of British foreign policy between the two wars, it would have been fairer to make some allowance for the singular assortment of crooks with which our foreign ministers had latterly to deal. But she is a novelist before a reformer, and her vivid and moving account of the mental torture that comes in the train of war is achieved in authentic terms of humanity.

Incidentally, has any other woman writer, apart from Miss Vicki Baum, who has a brief North African scene in her novel about rubber, been bold enough to tackle a full-scale description of a modern battle?

E. O. D. K.

### Small but Important

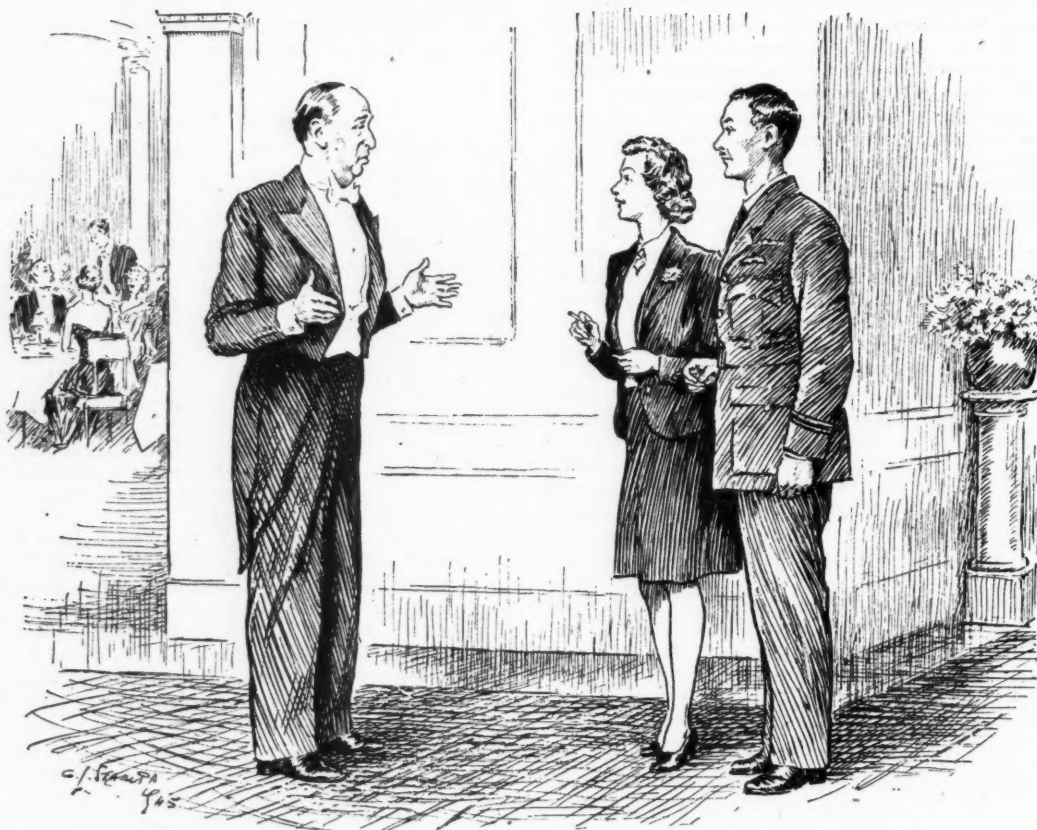
Sir JOSIAH CROSBY's book, *Siam* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 12/6), coming out at a time when world conditions, and affairs are the business of each of us, and when it is more important than ever to know our enemies, past and possible, is packed with information which should not be neglected. The author begins by giving his credentials (he has spent nearly forty years of an official career in South-Eastern Asia, and all but a quarter of a century in Siam) and by stating the objects of the book, which are to show that the recent war against us was artificial and purposeless in the eyes of the general body of the population, and to insist that, "on the grounds of sentiment and self-interest alike, Britain is cast for the rôle of Siam's best friend and supporter." The first section deals with a history of the people and the strategic importance of the country. We are shown Siam in relation to the Great Powers, and we are told how war came and was regarded. Sir JOSIAH inclines to give a rather ponderous weight to statements—"I will go further and will say that, if we had shown signs of getting the better of Japan at the outset of our struggle with her, that neutrality would have been a benevolent one so far as we were concerned"—that seem pretty evident to the cynical. Yes, the book is tough going, and its reading is solemn duty rather than easy pleasure, except when we are meeting the polite personalities of Siam.

B. E. B.



"As far as I'm concerned I don't care if I never see another uniform."





*"But I AM in evening dress—these are Daddy's tails."*

## My Lifetime in Basic Industry

### III—The Scholarship of Scowle

UNLIKE most mining villages—and I have known them all, I suppose—Scowle was fitful in its enthusiasm for education. At times the entire community would be overtaken by a violent paroxysm of learning and the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake would be frenzied and relentless. All other occupations and pastimes would be forgotten. Old colliers, squatting on their haunches at street corners, would put away their dice and give themselves up to parsing and analysis. There would be poetry readings in The Half-Nelson and endless philosophical disputation at the Women's Institute.

During these periods, which recurred every eight or nine years, ignorance and illiteracy were regarded in Scowle

as punishable offences; the records tell of men hounded from the village for unwarranted assumption and persistent pleonasm.

Unfortunately, my earliest and most formative years coincided with an era of depression when education was virtually taboo. My mother always managed to find some excuse for keeping me away from school, for she regarded Mr. Fowler's pedagogic efforts with deep suspicion. She had a theory that education stunted the physical growth.

"Only lookit what schoolin' done t' thy gran'father Ebby," she would say. "'Im an' 'is Science. Whyfore, 'e's nobbut a maggot."

And every morning she would massage my biceps and thews with hot

embrocation and make me swing my little pick at the old oak dresser.

"Sithee," she would sneer, "tha 't as weak nor a kitten. Tha could'st no more stand up t' Dribben seam than a babby. Dinna tha' spake to me o' Mr. Fowler. I'll Fowler 'im!"

Then she would set me some futile task like shovelling water from the puddles and pot-holes before the door, or carrying the hens up Barlow's Pike in search of dandelion.

But one night in my tenth year my father came home with his face flushed and his eyes sparkling to announce that Jem Clewlow had written a sonnet which he had read to the packed vaults of the Scowle Arms. My mother protested bitterly for several days, but she knew well

enough that tradition and psychical forces too strong to resist were against her. Education had returned to Scowle.

The new era began with a clean sweep. Mr. Fowler was sacked and replaced by a Mr. Martlett, a young student-teacher from Birmingham. He was an intelligent youth who realized the importance of first impressions and appeared for his first public lecture dressed soberly in black with string tied round his trousers just below the knees.

He began his talk with a reconstruction of the basic geology of Scowle, and for a time the miners listened intently and respectfully. But suddenly, and without the slightest warning, an accusing finger shot out from the back of the hall and a voice which I recognized as the check-weighman's thundered in denunciation.

"The mon's nobbut a neathen. 'Tis the Creator, in His great goodness, did put Dribben's coal in Scowle—not this yere chology."

A chorus of "Ayes" and "Ahs" greeted the interruption and the audience began to shuffle forward menacingly towards the platform. Mr. Martlett raised his arms in an appeal for silence, but the gesture was mistaken for some oriental obeisance and the sullen mass roared into action. They stoned the poor fellow out of the village and made a bonfire of his paltry belongings outside Turner's emporium. Not until the last charred pages had been trampled to dust did Scowle feel itself cleansed of heresy.

A new advertisement now appeared in the columns of the Ashbridge *Evening Star*. It read:

WANTED.—God-fearing schoolma'am to teach Latin, Greek and Political Economy to university standard. Dis-senting forbears a recommendation. No geologists . . .

Before she was selected from a short list of three, Miss Danvers had to submit to a gruelling examination before a committee of the Women's Institute. First they let down her hair and combed it through with minute scrutiny. They removed her ear-rings, lengthened her skirts and extended her corsage. Then, when they had shown her how to resole a clog, how to defend herself with the special Scowle brand of female ju-jitsu, and how to make "lobby" or hot-pot, they introduced her to her future husband.

It was a condition of their acquiescence in the choice of a female teacher that she should be betrothed and, since the appointment was temporary,

it was generally felt that my grandfather Ebby was the man for the job.

Miss Danvers was an immediate success. Her classes were overcrowded every night. In my mind's eye I still see my father and my brother Caleb just as they sat forty-odd years ago, the pit dust still clinging to them as they struggled with supper and homework at the kitchen table—while my mother rubbed away at their backs with a flannel.

Caleb was one of Miss Danvers' brightest students, and she had high hopes that he would win scholarships to Cambridge, Yale, Heidelberg, Princeton and Oxford. No trouble seemed too much for her. Even when her long day's work was done she still found time to hear Caleb's irregular verbs as they walked on the fells. Old Ebby hated these nocturnal tramps, for he found it difficult to keep pace with the young couple. It was a wise move on my mother's part to buy him a tricycle and so still the wagging tongues of the women of Scowle.

The Ashbridge and District Colliery Co. were already alarmed by the developing aestheticism of their employees. For some time the miners had taken to working at the coal-face in gloves; now sandals were beginning to appear. As the number of matriculation candidates increased, the tonnage of coal mined from Orange No. 2 Pit steadily declined.

But the efforts made to wean Scowle from its culture were crude, unsuccessful and costly. The directors constructed a cockpit. It was destroyed by fire at the opening meeting. They tried to bring a travelling "wakes" to the village. The bridge over the Ash collapsed while the caravans and trailers were crossing. They tried a score of distractions and they all failed. Miss Danvers and the new movement went from strength to strength.

In the summer of 1899 the formation of a Shakespearean Society was announced and the village joined as one man. Miss Danvers suggested that their first play should be *Romeo and Juliet*, with herself and my brother Caleb in the title rôles. It was her first false move. For a few days the situation was ugly; anything might have happened. Then Miss Danvers climbed down and bowed to the inevitable with old Ebby as Polonius and Saul Crabb as Hamlet. So bitter was the competition for the other parts that it was decided to fill them by ballot.

The count took place at the Institute. I was in bed when my father came home, but his curses were so

vehement and full-blooded that I heard and remembered every word.

"Thirty-eight brasted year Ah bin diggin' Dribben's," he yelled, "an' now arter all me schoolin' Ah'm set t' diggin' graves wi' me auld pick. What they think Ah'm? An income poop?"

What had happened was that he and Jem Clewlow had been elected as grave-diggers—a decision that they regarded, with some justice, as a calculated insult.

My mother was sympathetic for once and urged father to resign. It was the beginning of the end. Repeated ballots failed to find a single miner who would accept the rôle of manual labourer, and the society broke up in confusion.

It was like the first crack in an ice-field. Soon, shattering reports were heard on every side. The eurhythmics class split into rival factions, the Greek Drama group dispersed, the raffia set disbanded.

And then, one day, my father went over to Ashbridge market and returned with some whippets. It was enough. Miss Danvers was given three weeks' pay in advance and twenty-four hours in which to leave the village. My grandfather Ebby carried her suitcase to the station.

HOD.

## The Minor Poet

IN days of fame the Giants came  
Striding across the seas,  
And took an oak in either hand,  
And pulled them up with ease;  
But I come with my little blunt knife  
To cut down forest trees.

In olden times they made such rhymes,  
Set to such noble tune,  
They shook the sun and thrilled the stars  
With magic wand and rune;  
But I come with a little peeled stick  
To measure to the moon.

Men of great lung loud songs have sung,  
That grew like flames of fire,  
And plucked strong themes from living strings  
Of heart's cord, not of wire;  
But I come with my little oat pipe  
To tell the world's desire.

### Austerity Fashion Corner

"Miss —, who wore pale green crepe de chine and an oyster net, was the bridesmaid."  
Local paper.

## A Singular Communication

THE circumstances in which this document came to me were at once unusual and ominous. It came by post. It was, I remember, a timeless November afternoon, and I lost in recollection. The window showed me a lawn strewn with yellow leaves, a drive shut in with cedars, a castaway rope of pearls. Just that and nothing more. The eye returned to the gnu I bagged in Kenya, to the jade idol I had from Sen Mat Su . . . Sen Mat Su that came of a long line of powerful priests, whose curse, they said in Fuchow . . . Sen Mat Su that died with my bullet in his brain and a churchwarden at his lips. Well . . . it was a long time ago.

I reached for a pinch of opium and then the bell rang—once, twice. I knew it was the postman. The postman always rings twice.

"That will do, Roberts," I said. The man withdrew. It seemed an ordinary commercial letter, type-written under the firm's heading, "Rapine and Ruthless," nothing odd in that. "James McKinlay," read the superscription, "Alvindale, Gloucester." But! I left that address thirty years ago . . . when, after that affair at Jo'burg, I came to England in the hold of a guano boat, a King's ransom in my pocket . . . The years of seclusion, of fear. I glanced at the envelope. It had been readdressed. That explained how it reached me.

I read the missive with some attention. In plain words it offered me a lamp-post. For lighting roadways. A specification detailed its fittings and its finish. A lamp-standard. What was I to make of that? I could, at first, make nothing of it. I read on:

"We can offer equipment as above," it continued, "but with—instead of a hand-wound switch—a Venner type M.S.S.L. self-starting, synchronous, motor-driven, single-pole time-switch fitted with solar dial and rated at 10 amps, 250 volts, 50 cycles at £14 5s. 6d. each, net."

My eyes narrowed. The colour drained from my face. I confess my hand shook. Net! That was how Jake Carbine talked. Jake Carbine, who served ten years on Devil's Island, who ran a man through with a spade and the sardonic comment "Spades are trumps!" And "solar dial." What

memories that roused! Every illicit diamond buyer knows what that means.

Carbine and Warden and Truscott. They had all been with me at Fuchow and again on the Rand . . . The coals falling in the grate made me jump. I whipped round when my cat rose and stamped out of the door. Carbine, now, would have to stoop to get under that lintel. The cat found no trouble at all. I drank a quart of whisky. No use getting rattled. I went to my bureau, pressed a spring and drew from a hidden drawer a secret list. It contained two names: Warden and Truscott. I took a sheet of crested paper: "Bruce Truscott," I wrote, "Redbrick University. Dear Bruce,— You will be pleased to hear that I can now offer you one gross sheets whole-plate, double-weight, medium, tinted, fine-grain bromide paper, with sufficient metol and hydroquinone to make two pints of double-strength warm-tone developer." I thought a moment. "With excellent keeping qualities," I

added. I knew the significance of that would not escape him. It would bring him at once.

I signed and sealed the letter, then I took another sheet. "Dear Colonel Warden," I wrote—"Plant new loganberries in ground deeply dug and enriched with well-rotted manure, one bucketful to each planting-site. A March mulch is normally sufficient feeding. If a stimulant appears necessary in spring hoe in a mixture of superphosphate four parts, sulphate of potash four parts, and sulphate of ammonia one part. *I can give further information,*" I added. A stimulant! I thought of Warden's pair of Moorish pistols, then I tried not to.

I took a third sheet of paper and with a resolute effort of will began to write. "Messrs. Ruthless and Rapine," I wrote.

It was a grim November night of wind and rain that I sat with Professor Truscott and Colonel Warden in my study. The rain beat on the windows. I thought of that gloomy, unlit drive. We had swapped tales of faraway days, my companions and I, and now we waited, silent, preoccupied each with his own strange thoughts.

"Shouldn't be long now," grunted the Colonel, glancing at the clock. (It was a find from Luxor.)

Truscott tapped the table with lean, sensitive fingers. "It's late," he said. "Do you think he will come now?"

"Hush!" I held up a warning hand.

Steps were approaching the study door—slow, dragging steps. I crossed the room. I seized the door-handle and flung it open. There on the threshold stood a tall, powerful man with a long cylinder of iron on his shoulder.

"Our improved lamp-post, sir," he said, laying the thing on the carpet, "with time-switch as specified. If I may say so, sir, you need it on that drive."

"Capital," grunted the Colonel, "time-switch and everything. Well, good night McKinlay. Thanks for that tip about loganberries." And, "Good night," said Truscott. "I'm off to Redbrick first thing. You might look that bromide paper out for me."

"I will," I said cordially. "Good night." I turned to the man. "Fourteen pounds five-and-six, I think it was?"



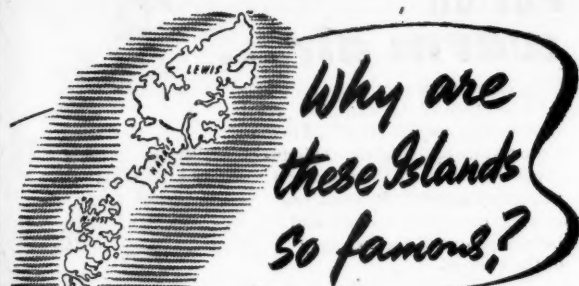
"Of course, the trouble with you, my dear, is that you don't WANT to believe that Hitler is dead."

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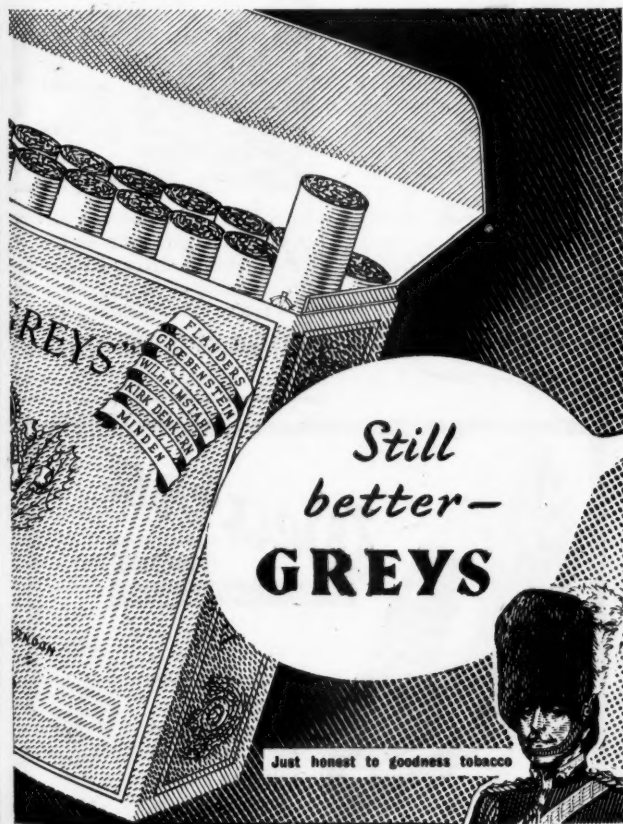
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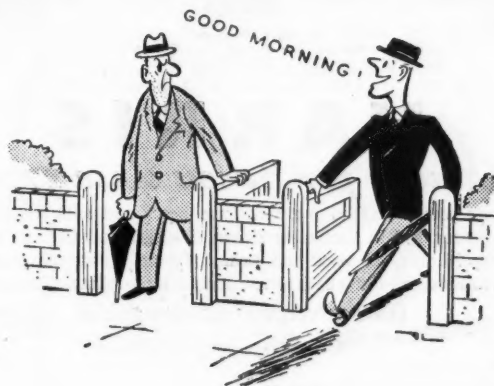
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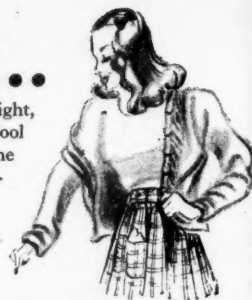
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